CUMBERLAND'S

No. 105. MINOR THEATRE. Pr. 6d.

BEING A COMPANION TO

Cumberland's British Theatre.

The March of Intellect:

A MONO-DRAMATIC BAGATELLE,

By GEORGE MACFARREN,

Author of Winning a Husband. Guy Faukes. Malvina. Oberon. Gil Blas. Lestocq, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY

With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,

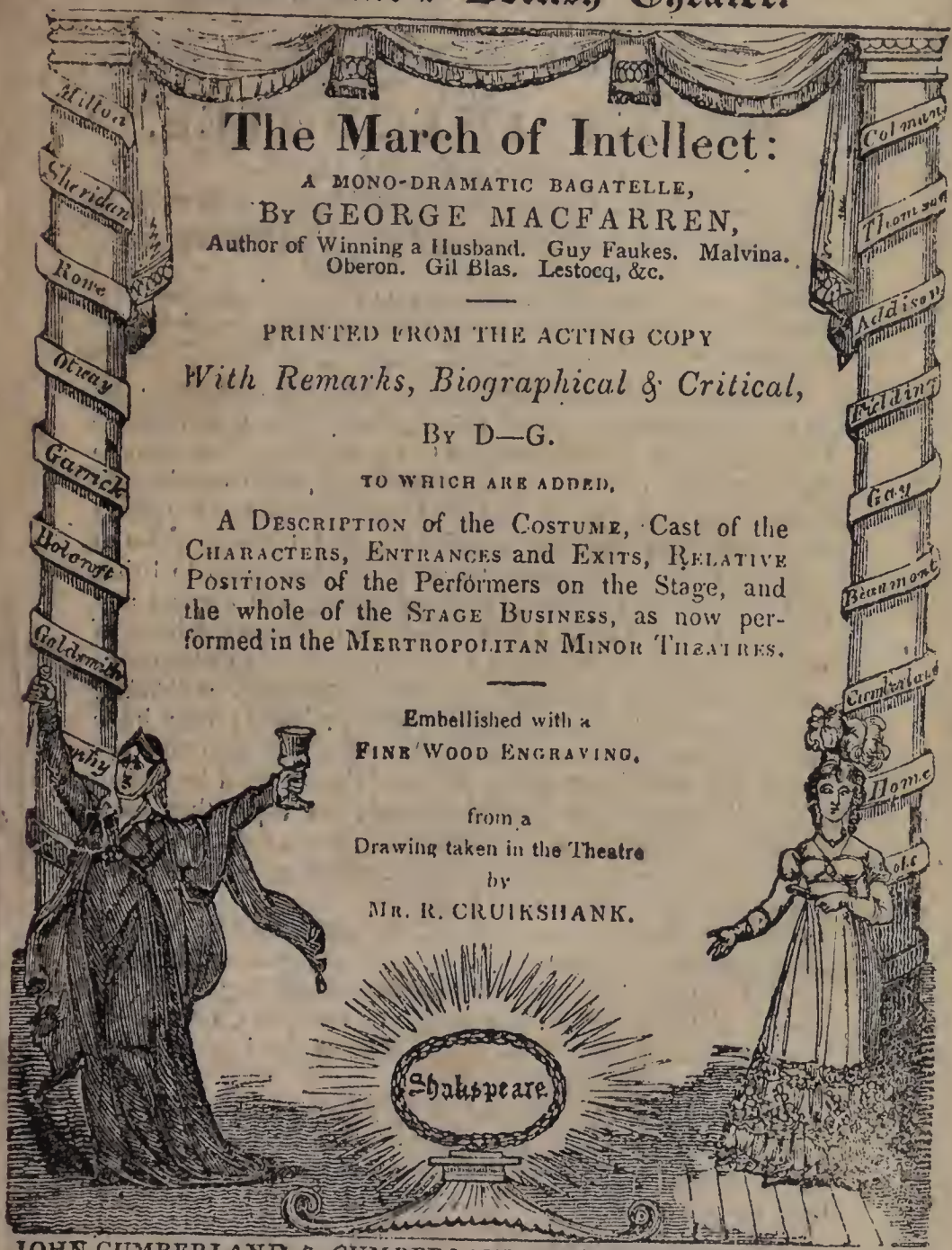
By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now performed in the METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

Embellished with a FINE WOOD ENGRAVING,

from a Drawing taken in the Theatre by MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.



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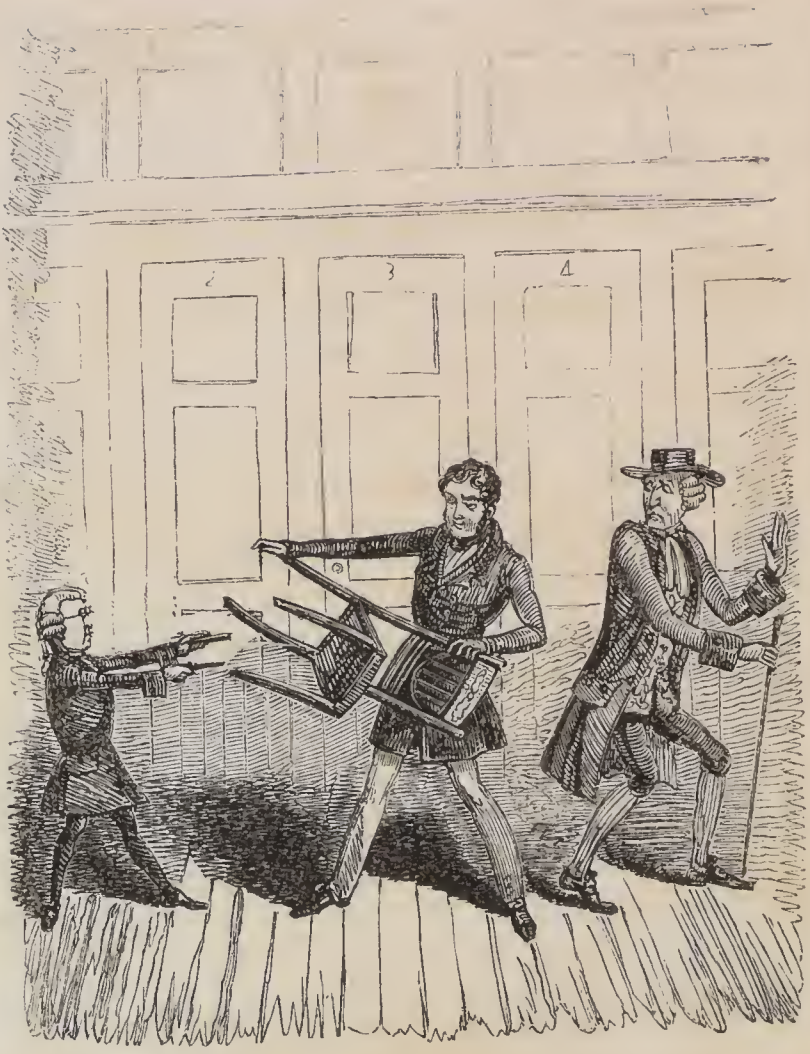

The March of Intellect.

Socrates. [*As Bluster Bubble, Esq.*] Stand out of the way!—I'll teach the Colourman of Tooley Street to insult a man of genius and a philosopher!

Act I. Scene 2.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT:

A MONODRAMATIC BAGATELLE,

In One Act,

BY GEORGE MACFARREN,

Author of Winning a Husband, Guy Fawkes, Malvina, Oberon, The Boy of Santillane, "My Old Woman," Lestocq, &c.

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REMARKS.

The March of Intellect.

This is the age of progression: push on—keep moving! is the order of the day. Everything is on the quick march, or full gallop,—stages with and without wheels, intellect and rail-roads! What, then, shall allay the thirst of our knowledge-seeking public, when butchers' boys, puffing their prime cigar, and lapping their well-diluted cauldrons of Hunt's patent roasted, illuminate with penny lore the hitherto-unclassic shambles of Leadenhall; and the gad-flies of pretended liberalism—insignificant pedlars in the small wares of democracy—erect, God wot! their schools for eloquence?—a Barmecide feast for even the modicum of mind of their high-life-below-stairs politicians! Once upon a time the barber was a lion of literature; and enterprises of great pith and moment were discussed at the Sunday shaving shop. Sir William Curtis, learned in Barberiana, often quoted his barber to the Guildhall Ciceros. Who but remembers Figaro Ross, (Barber-Rossa!) the whiskered colossus of Bishopsgate, peeping into people's garret windows?—the beau ideal and oracle of barbers from Aldgate to Tyburn! The tailor, too, was a personage no less celebrated. Shakspeare has immortalised him as a newsmonger:—

> "I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus,
> The whilst his own did on his anvil cool,
> With open mouth, swallowing the *tailor's* news."

But the march of intellect levels all distinctions: it goes "the whole hog," or—(for hog is "too cheap and ———!"—no, "reasonable and impure," for the growing intellectuality of butchers' meat and backy!)—it goes the "entire pig!"—and barbers (cut by the aristocratic surgeons in 1745) and tailors must fall in with the ranks.

We might indulge in many illustrations of the intellectual march. The laundress's well-known item, "skewering the stars;" the dealer in "timber and brimstone" (matches); the tippling fabricator of plaster heads inscribing over his door, "muddeller (modeller) to the trade;" and the patriot, far advanced in intelligence and gin, roaring "animal parliaments, universal suffering, and vote by bullet!" are not much amiss. A lecturing mechanic, obviously swipey, lately astonished us with Sir George and the dragoon (dragon), Jupiter's toenails (tonans), and Pompey's pillow! We hail genius, whether it irradiate the bishop's stall or the cobler's. Listen to the lay of the "*Last*" Minstrel:—

> "Blow, oh! blow, yee hevenly breezes,
> Awl amung the leves hand treezes;
> Sing, oh! sing, yee hevenly muses,
> Vile I mends yur bootes hand shoozes!"

"Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound," when the offspring of uneducated inspiration.

> "But sweeter far than all these things
> To babies, whether straight or bandy,
> Is the maternal speed that brings
> To innocence its sugar-candy!"

How comprehensive is the epitaph on a man hanged in chains:—

> "My uncle's son lies here below,
> Who rests at peace—when the wind don't blow!"

And the cockney's reply to a Frenchman, after a turn-over in the Diligence—"Avez vous du mal, monsieur?"—"Non, Je n'ai qu'un portmanteau!" What a rare specimen of infantine progression was the answer of "the young idea" to a question propounded by his Sunday-school teacher—"Who was Jesse?"—"The flower of Dumblain!" "Why the divil do you bate your wife so?" said Paddy to his fellow pundit: "sure you ought to mind Father Murphy's tixt last Sunday—'The marciful man is marciful to his baste!'" Then the society of "Anti-queer-'uns;"—"dropping in whipsy-dicksy" (ipse dixit!) The post-boy's new reading in Othello:

> "Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee!
> And when I love thee not, '*shay-oss*' is come again!"

To say nothing of Master Ingleberry Griskin's critical emendation of Hamlet:

> "An eye like '*Maa's*,' to threaten and command!"

A young gentleman asked to go to a ball: "'Tis a bad place for little boys," quoth his mother. "But didn't you and father go to balls when you were young?"—"Yes, child; but we have now seen the folly of it."—"Well, mother, *I* want to see the folly of it, too!" Bravo! march of intellect! bravissimo!

Doctor Johnson once examined a juvenile question-and-answer prodigy: "Pray, my little man, when was Christianity first established in this country?"—"At the dissolution of religious houses, sir." We can easily imagine the whistle, roll, scowl, and growl, of Gargantua at this astounding reply.

At a recent city festival, when the healths of a multitudinous list of public functionaries had been drank with all the honours, it was whispered to the chair, that three consuls at the table had been overlooked. My Lord Midas immediately rose, and proposed the healths of "the three present consuls, with three;" which was succeeded by a march-of-intellect echo from the stentorian toast-master, hardly less miraculous than the celebrated Irish one, "How do you do?"—"Pretty well, I thank you,"—"Gentlemen, the Lord Mayor drinks the health of *the three per cent. consols*, with three!"

The ci-devant cook-maid who talked about her daughter (a bundle of vulgarity and affectation in a goodly tub of kitchen-stuff) "slightly emerging," (sprawling at an Easter hop!) "before making her formal debut!"—the "great unpaid," who fined a drunken Sawney for

presuming to exclaim in his august presence, "Nemo omnibus horis sawpeet" (wh——s in a sawpit!);—the domine who made the truant down on his knees, and say his "propria queer marrowbones;"—the man who learned his alphabet by taking the tickets at the turnpike-gate;—the "infant liar" (Lyra);—and the wonderful calculating boy, who "lisped in Numbers," are highly interesting illustrations of the march of intellect.

Of this march, which has been called the rogue's, we have a precocious example in Master Socrates Camelion, the pet of a retired colourman from Tooley Street, and a descendant of the illustrious Bacon, *not* of St. Albans, but of Ham Common. The elder camelion is a mere money-grub, but his sister in-law, Miss Cerulia, affects philosophy and the genteel caper; Master Socrates is a prodigy of arts and sciences; and Miss Penelope, a juvenile constellation of intellectual developments! The young gentleman has already distinguished himself as an adept in mischief, by filling his aunt's stockings with broken glass, to save the old lady the trouble of cutting her corns; and the young lady has secretly provided herself with a lover, in the person of Mr. Multiplex, usher of the birch rod in a Ramsgate academy. Old Camelion having advertised for a literary drum-major to lead forth Socrates, junior, on his intellectual march, the dutiful limbs, brother and sister, in conjunction with Mr. Multiplex, lay their heads together to cheat the old ones. The birch-broom professor becomes quickly metamorphosed into a chattering host, and introduces as aspirants for the honour of putting the mental faculties of Master Socrates in training, Mr. Terence O'Leary, Signior Sordini, Bluster Bubble, Esq., Jack Ratline, and Napoleon Buonaparte; all of whom are personated to the life by the said Socrates, to the mystification and annoyance of the oil and colourman; who, when all is discovered, pardons the hoax, and consents that Miss Penelope shall be Mrs. Multiplex.

If the Tooley Street Socrates was a march-of-intellect miracle, what was his representative? We abominate the phrase, "Very well for." Mrs. Yeardsley's doggrel was "very well for" a Bristol milkwoman; and Stephen Duck's namby-pamby "very well for" a thresher!—Miss Mudie lisped "very well for" a little girl; and Master Betty spouted "very well for" a big boy! Infantine prodigies are

"Like Jeremiah's figs,—
The good are very good, the bad not fit to give to the pigs."

Give us merit not comparative, but positive. Young Burke exhibited talent that a full grown and popular actor might have envied; and went through his various transformations with surprising aptitude and humour. After some years' sojourn in America, he has returned to England, a taller gentleman by some inches. Let him forthwith re-appear in Mr. Socrates Camelion, and show us what time and study have done for him.

☞ D.——G.

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Surrey Theatre.

	Original.	1836.
Mr. Camelion (late Colourman, of Tooley Street) . . .	Mr. Hall.	Mr. Young
Frederick Multiplex (Usher of his Father's Academy, at Ramsgate)	Mr. Russell.	Mr. Maitland.
Waiter	Mr. Hobbs.	Mr. Dunn.
Master Soerates Camelion (a Youth of Parts, assuming the Characters of Mr. Terence O'Leary, Signor Sordini, Bluster Bubble, Esq. Jack Rattline, *and* Napoleon Buonaparte) . . .	Master Burke.	Master Burke.
Miss Cerulia Leggett (Sister-in-Law to Camelion) . .	Mrs. T. B. Clifford.	Mrs. W. Daly.
Penelope Camelion (her Niece)	Mrs. Wilkinson.	Miss Grant.

SCENE—*the Royal Hotel at Margate.*

Costume.

MR. CAMELION.—Old man's claret-coloured coat—black satin breeches—waistcoat to match—white silk stockings—shoes, and buckles.

FREDERICK MULTIPLEX.—*First dress:* Blue coat—white waistcoat—white trousers—shoes. *Second dress:* Old man's brown coat and waistcoat—apron—brown scratch wig.

WAITER.—White jacket—apron—white trousers.

MASTER SOCRATES CAMELION.—*First dress:* Light blue coat, with brass buttons—white waistcoat—white trousers—shoes. *Second dress, as* MR. TERENCE O'LEARY: Countryman's brown coat, with large buttons—brown knee breeches—blue stockings—shoes. *Third dress, as* SIGNOR SORDINI: Frenchman's light-blue long-tailed coat—white tight pantaloons, tied at the ancles with red worsted tape—shoes and buckles. *Fourth dress, as* BLUSTER BUBBLE, ESQ.: Old-fashioned suit of black—large white wig—shoes and buckles. *Fifth dress, as* JACK RATTLINE: Sailor's jacket—check shirt—white trousers—shoes—glazed hat. *Sixth dress, as* NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE: Green coat—epaulets—white facings—Maltese cross and orders—kerseymere waistcoat, with large pockets—white knee breeches—high black boots—small cocked-hat—tri-coloured cockade.

MISS CERULIA LEGGETT.—Old lady's blue satin dress.

PENELOPE CAMELION.—Plain white muslin.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations, during the most recent performances.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R.C. *Right of Centre*; L.C. *Left of Centre*; D.F. *Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage*; C.D.F. *Centre Door in the Flat*; R.D.F. *Right Door in the Flat*; L.D.F. *Left Door in the Flat*; R.D. *Right Door*; L.D. *Left Door*; S.E. *Second Entrance*; U.E. *Upper Entrance*; C.D. *Centre Door.*

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Royal Hotel, Margate.*

MR. CAMELION, R., *and* MISS CERULIA LEGGETT, L., *discovered seated at breakfast*, C., *near flat*—WAITER *attending.*

Cam. Here, waiter!

Wai. Coming, sir.

Cam. Bring me another rasher, and a go of brandy.

Wai. Directly, sir. [*Exit*, R.

Miss L. Shall I never refine you, Mr. Camelion? Bacon and brandy for breakfast!—I protest, it is enough to unintellectualize a philosopher!

Cam. Nay, nay, sister-in-law, don't be squeamish. A rasher is a rare thing of a morning: like the sucker of a pump, it clears the way, and draws the liquids after it.—Besides, I have a right to be fond of it: my mother's maiden name was Porker; my wet-nurse was one Mrs. Hogsflesh; and old Bacon, the schoolmaster on Ham Common, finished my education. Mr. Bacon was a man of parts.

Miss L. One is tempted to say, that, like his namesake, Friar Bacon, he made one brazen head at least, and doomed your shoulders to carry about the burthen. Mr. Camelion! Mr. Camelion! I blush for you! Though my poor dear sister was unable, during twenty years of connubiality, to polish you into gentility, yet I had hoped, when you quitted your colourshop in Tooley Street, that you would have left your coarse habit along with your putty and paint-pots, and put your intellectual faculties into my training.

Cam. Sister-in-law! sister-in-law! my poor wife Deb., rest her soul! was a sensible woman; and, let me tell you, Miss Cerulia Leggitt, though you slight my paint and putty, it had been better for old Leggitt and his

stocking-shop in Budge Row, if you had stuck to the counter, instead of going after lecturers and illiterate societies.

Miss L. Preposterous!—Shall the "March of Intellect," at its first dawning, be arrested by a bundle of Nottingham hose?

Cam. When ladies like you go upon such a march, the said hose are very likely to want darning. The March of Intellect, indeed!—'Tis a rogue's march, and teaches cunning rascals to outwit their honest creditors. The good old times were the proper ones; now, forsooth, we all pretend to be mettymologists, fillyologists, follyologists; and know no more about five per cent, or boiling taters, than Gog and Magog in the city.

Miss L. Mr. Camelion, I see it is in vain to hope for improvement; I despair of the task I have undertaken; you and your graceless son and daughter may, therefore, revel in your Bœotian ignorance. I will henceforth devote my time and talents to the public; and, when I die, the property of the Leggetts shall go to endow a college for intellectual maiden aunts, and a mad-house for illiterate grinders of paint and putty. [*Going.*

Cam. Nay, nay, when you talk of my imperfections, I can submit with fortitude, but if you touch upon my children, I cannot help feeling; and when you mention the family money-bags, I am melted at once; it was them made me quit business—it was them induced me to shut up my country-box at Bermondsey, and start with you on this said "March of Intellect" hither on our way to Paris.

Miss L. It is the only instance of mind you ever exhibited.

Cam. I swear it was very much against my mind that ever I exhibited at all. Pen was doing very well at Mrs. Tickle's establishment at Horseleydown, but I sent her to a finishing school at your request; and I now find the girl is so finished, that she has got to learn everything. Socky, too, was getting on at Mr. Multiplex's academy like a house on fire, but I fear this new arrangement will be the engine to put it out.

Miss L. It would have fanned the spark of genius into a flame; but I have done. Send the boy back again to old Multiplex; curb uncommon talents with common prejudice and vulgar superficials, and ruin at once the brightest sparkle that ever floated in the blood of the Leggetts, since its stagnation in the air of Tooley Street.

Cam. Nay, but sister-in-law, let us have a little reason:

how do we know what sort of a person this said tutor you have bespoke in the advertisement may turn out? He may be a pigeon; he may be a crow; a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Miss L. Do you imagine I could be deceived? Ridiculous!—'Tis for such as you to wear the hoodwink of folly. Know, that I have made discoveries; look, here is a letter I have this morning intercepted from young Multiplex to your hopeless daughter Penelope. Read, and be convinced.

Cam. A letter! Ah, this comes of teaching girls to read writing. The two-penny postman is drum-major in this March of Intellect, I see, and boarding-school girls are up in arms at his tattoo. [*Reading the letter.*] "*Dearest Penelope, fly on the wings of love; heed not the sneers of your quizzical old aunt; she has neither soul nor sentiment.*"

Miss L. There, mark that, Mr. Camelion! mark that! Is the family to be so insulted?

Cam. Patience, sister-in-law; there is reason in roasting eggs, you know. [*Reading.*] "*An elopement to Gretna Green*"—"*in spite of her*"—"*or your father, who, to speak truth,—pardon the words, is as great a blockhead as Miss Cerulia herself.*" The devil! Pardon the words! no, never! "Great blockhead!"—What, me? Ask all Tooley Street whether I am a blockhead; go to my country-box at Bermondsey.—And Pen, too, to join in the conspiracy against her indulgent father!—[*Calling off*, L]. Why, Pen, I say, Penny!

Miss L. Mr. Camelion, be decorous; you will alarm the house.

Cam. I don't care if I frighten the lions out of the king's arms over the door. [*Calling.*] Penny, I say!

Miss L. Pr'ythee, then, do not expose the family. [*Aside, going.*] I am glad I have awakened his perceptions; yes, this is the triumph of intellectuality. [*Exit*, L.

Cam. This is the "March of Intellect" with a vengeance! Why, Penny, I say! [*Exit*, L.

SCENE II.—*A Saloon or Gallery in the Hotel, with five doors in the flat, supposed to lead to different rooms, and numbered* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Enter PENELOPE, L.

Pen. So, my aunt has got possession of Frederick's letter that I have been expecting these two days. I shall be finely in disgrace, I dare say, as if to be in love was

ness, there's not my equal at school; and I think you won't find my superior here. Come, try me. Shall I soap the stairs, that she may slide down easily? Shall I slip a mouse into her nightcap, to awaken her ideas at midnight? Or shall I fill her blue stockings with broken glass, to save her the trouble of cutting her corns?—Speak; you see I don't want for good-nature, and you'll find I don't lack spirit.

Pen. It is the sort of impudent spirit we put in our smelling-bottles, that does not mind tweaking any nose that comes in its way.

Soc. Volatile as your salts, pungent as your hartshorn, and sharp as your vinegar.

Mul. Well said: with your assistance, though we may not do all we wish, we may yet accomplish wonders. But, odso! time presses; let us prepare for action: a few minutes' conference will arrange our plans, and then——

Soc. And then, my good old aunt, have at you! I owe you many a grudge for the tantrums you showed at the last holydays: your Pickle of a nephew has tasted of the rod at your instance; know that he has now a rod in pickle for you!

Mul. And, egad! you shall use it at discretion.

Soc. I wish all you gentlemen schoolmasters did no more; but—I speak feelingly—the birch is often used beyond all discretion. In the present instance, at least, the lash is meant to improve, and not to inflict—not to wound our adversaries, but to attempt pleasing our friends.—Yoicks! hark forward! lead on to the game!

[*Exeunt Socrates and Multiplex*, R.

Pen. Go your ways—like master like man; ye are a couple of mad caps, and I don't know how to trust you; yet if I hesitate, I lose my lover and my happiness; and if I venture, I forfeit my aunt's favour, and endanger my father's peace. But may I not restore the latter? and is the former worth the risk? It is all a lottery, therefore I must go cautiously to work in choosing my chance; for, though Love may have eyes, dame Fortune is as blind as a mole. [*Bell rings.*

Re-enter MULTIPLEX, *disguised as the Landlord*, R.

Mul. Coming—coming!—Who calls Mr. Froth? who calls? I am your ladyship's very humble servant to command!

Pen. Sir!

Mul. Yes, my lady, ever at the service of my customers, and the fair ones in particular; there is not such a host nor a hotel in all the Isle of Thanet. Here you may have good rooms, good dinners, good wines, good beds, good company, good old port, prime sherry, and charges ridiculously trifling. Coming—coming! Clear the way there! Allow me, Timothy Froth, vintner, and host of the Royal Hotel, to hand you, Penelope Camelion, to your own apartment; for here are mighty deeds to do.

Pen. Sir—

Mul. Miss—

Pen. I desire—

Mul. I entreat—

Pen. I insist—

Mul. [*Taking her hand, after a struggle, and laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!—Bravo! bravo! this will do! If you, who have seen Mr. Froth and me so often, are deceived, how shall your father, who knows neither one nor the other, discover the disguise?

Pen. Are you, then, really Frederick Multiplex?

Mul. Your own dear and faithful Frederick, always, and under every circumstance, the same devoted and—

Pen. And the landlord of the Royal Hotel—

Mul. Has not served the royal cause so long, without knowing the value of a bribe. He was, to be sure, a little scrupulous, but I gave him a sovereign remedy for qualms, and, like his betters, he became a turncoat immediately.

Pen. Upon my word, the lion's skin becomes you.

Mul. Say you so?

Pen. Pr'ythee, take care to hide the long ears, though.

Mul. Fear not.

Camelion. [*Without*, L.] I'll speak to the landlord myself.

Mul. Odso! yonder comes your father—away! Allow me, Timothy Froth, &c. &c. as aforesaid, to hand you to your chamber. Ever at your service; there is not such a host or hotel in all Margate. When your ladyship wants me, ring away: I leave the beaux in the coffee-room to my head-waiter, and always answer the belles myself. [*Leading her off*, R.] Coming—coming! Who calls? Bless me! what a deal to do!—Cooking, waiting, joking, corking, uncorking, overlooking, and charging!—Nobody leads such a life as——

Enter CAMELION, L.—*Multiplex runs against him as he enters.*

I beg pardon, sir. Timothy Froth, vintner, and host of the Royal Hotel—very much at your service. Mr. Camelion, I believe.

Cam. Good morning. [*Aside.*] What a jack-daw it is!

Mul. What can I do for you, sir? Everything here of the very best—good dinners, good wines, good beds, good company, good old port, prime sherry, and charges ridiculously trifling.

Cam. All is trifling here, I think. I have been hunting for my sister-in-law and my daughter Penny all over the house; it is a game of bo-peep I have no patience for.

Mul. Your lady daughter, sir, has just retired to her chamber, and Miss Cerulia is at this moment preparing to give audience to half a dozen gentlemen, who attend her by advertisement.

Cam. Bless me! is the important hour arrived—twelve o'clock?—Half a dozen applicants, you say?—Where have you stowed them?—In the coffee-room?

Mul. Pardon me, sir; Miss Cerulia desired they might be private: I have locked them up separately, like witnesses in a doubtful case.

Cam. But surely you won't lock me out of the business?

Mul. Always happy to oblige my customers; but the ladies, you know, must have——

Cam. Phoo! I will have a peep at them; I may then be better able to argufy with the old one. D'ye hear, Mr. Landlord?—Shew me to them.

Mul. A little curious, I see—very much like myself, your honour;—and so, though I am pledged to the ladies, yet, to oblige——Know, then, I have them all within call; and, first and foremost, allow me to introduce Mr. Terence O'Leary. [*Opening the door, No.* 1, R. F.] Walk forth, Mr. Terence.

Enter SOCRATES, *as Terence O'Leary,* R. D. F. *No.* 1.

Soc. [*Entering.*] Sure, is it for Mr. Terence O'Leary you are axing? Call again, honies; for I am a stranger here, and consequently not at home. Oh, bother! is it you, Mr. Froth?—Where is that pot of fippenny you promised to send me at the advertiser's expinse? Faith, I begin to think I must have drank it, I am so thirsty again.

Mul. Coming—coming, sir, directly.

Soc. Faith, that's for all the world like Mr. Terence's good luck,—it's always a coming, coming, sir, but never comes at all, at all. Travelling six and twenty long Irish miles before breakfast is none of the best of luck, you know.

Mul. Six and twenty miles, by coach, chair, cabriolet, gig, stanhope, donkey-cart, or horseback?

Soc. Horseback!—Phoo!—I came upon half Lady Lump's stud of horses all at once, honey.

Mul. [*Calling off.*] Here, hostler, take care of the gentleman's cattle.

Soc. Botheration! here they are, [*Slapping his legs.*] and a couple of rare ponies they be, as ever assisted in forwarding a sedan chair. To-day they have had the honour to canter me over the hills on a new-fashioned march, to see Mister—what's his name?

Mul. The last letter, you know—Z.

Soc. Faith, it's one below the last,—it's double Z.

Mul. [*Introducing Camelion.*] Whom you now have the honour to appear before.

Soc. What, is it you, Mr. Double Z.? I hope your great-grandfather, Mr. A-B-C, and all the other branches of your literary family, are quite well; not forgetting your better half, the t'other Z, and your hopeful son and heir, the little crooked letter that stands for etcetera.

Cam. Sir, I am very greatly obliged by——

Soc. I see what you are going to say, and hear well enough what you are looking at. Come, take a chair; while ould Froth here brings up the fippenny, we'll have a little sober talk on this dry subject. A chair—a chair, Mr. Froth!

Mul. [*Handing chairs—aside.*] Bravo! for brogue and blarney there's not his equal. [*Retires,* L.

Cam. Sir, I suppose——

Soc. Doubtless you do, Mr. Double Z, and I suppose, too; but, to put the matter beyond supposition——

Cam. Pray, Mr. O'Leary, what may you understand about the "March of Intellect?"

Soc. March of——Oh, bother! sure it's in the family. My father was fifer to a marching regiment; all the O'Learys have been marchers, walkers, and bogtrotters, from Mr. Noah downwards; and, sure, didn't I march over water and land all the way from Killarney, on purpose to look at your ould weather-beaten face, Mr. Double Z?

Cam. But what are your qualifications for a tutor?

Soc. Superior larning in everything—but books; overwhelming genius—when I'm sober; magnificent wit—when I'm in tipple; thundering generosity—when I've got anything to spare; and constant good humour—when I have my own way. Oh, I'm a lad of parts, I assure you.

Cam. [*Aside.*] Great parts, and but little in the whole. [*Aloud.*] But, pray, what languages are you master of? And do you understand writing, and accounts, and arithmetic, and all that sort of matter?

Soc. Languages!—Only you ax the girls if I don't speak the language of the eyes like blind Cupid himself!—And as for rathmetic——

Cam. Aye: do you understand addition?

Soc. My father practised it before me, when he married Mrs. Judy, my mother.

Cam. And subtraction?

Soc. Sure, my mother practised that rule when she took the tirteens out of my father's Sunday breeches pocket.

Cam. And multiplication?

Soc. Oh! sure, they understood that conjointly when they sent for me into this world of praties and buttermilk.

Cam. [*Aside.*] Mercy on us! here's a tutor! [*Aloud.*] Pray walk into your room for a few minutes; I will confer with my sister-in-law, and, doubtless, if your accomplishments are as superior as your learning——

Soc. Accomplishments!—Where's the boy can beat me at a jig or a drunken bout? turning up praties, or flourishing a shillelagh, or kissing a girl behind a hay-rick?—And thin as to music, I was always reckoned an Apollo at an Irish howl, and Orpheus himself at a stave. I'll sing you an ode by one of our bards to the memory of my ancestor, the Irish Solomon, who is at this moment the youngest man of eighty in all Ireland.

SONG.—SOCRATES.

The Birth and Adventures of Mr. Solomon Leary.

Mister Leary slipp'd into this world at Killarney,
The place of all others for beauty and blarney;
He soon found out his mother, but found it was rather
A hard task for babies to know their own father.
Oh! Leary, Leary!
Sweet pretty deary!
It's a wise child that knows his papa, Mister Leary.

He'd a red nose, red hair, brawny limbs, and a clear eye,
Which squinted a bit, so they christened him Leary;
But the boys call'd him Solomon, which was no joke,
For merry and wise were the first words he spoke.
Master Leary, Leary!
Lisping young Leary!
He was merry and wise Master Solomon Leary.

Growing up, he made love to Miss Hester Molloy,
The virgin mamma of a very fine boy;
And he fain would have kiss'd, but she cried, "Go, you joker!
Sure the child that's once burnt always dreads a hot poker.
Oh! Leary, Leary!
Go, you sweet deary!
The burnt child dreads the fire, Mister Solomon Leary."

Then he fill'd up a bumper, and lear'd at Miss Hester,
And toasted her charms, while he tenderly press'd her;
Till a press-gang press'd him all on board a king's ship,—
Oh! there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.
Poor Leary, Leary!
He look'd very queery,
As he slipp'd both the cup and the lip, poor O'Leary.

Having lost both his liquor and lass, our sweet dandy
Fell deeply in love with the captain's nate brandy;
Till, caught at the bunghole, they show'd him no quarter,
Oh! the pitcher may go once too oft to the water.
Oh! Leary, Leary,
Look'd wretched and dreary,
For the pitcher was broke, Mister Solomon Leary.

Then they put him in chains, and condemn'd him beside,
And up to the yard-arm his wizen they tied;
But the rope broke, and into the water he bounded,—
Sure, he that was born to be hang'd can't be drown'd.
Oh! Leary, Leary!
Swim to your deary,—
He that's born to be hang'd can't be drown'd, Mister Leary.

[*Exit*, R. D. F., *No.* 1.

Cam. Here's a pretty sample of perfection! So, the "March of Intellect" is to commence in a sedan, and be headed by a diminutive, Lilliputian Irish chairman!—These are glorious times, indeed, when dwarfs become porters, and ignorant boobies become teachers and learned men! [*Calling off*, L.] Why, landlord! Mr. Froth, I say!

Re-enter MULTIPLEX, L.

Mul. Coming—coming, your honour! What can I do to serve you?

Cam. Do to serve me!—Just take the trouble to kick that morsel of ignorance and impudence into the sea.

Socrates. [*Without*, R. D. *No.* 1.] What's that you're whispering, ould Double Z? Be aisy with your balderdash, or, by St. Patrick's leather breeches, I shall be after

cracking your empty skull, and making an example of the dirty contents of it!

Cam. Mr. Froth! Mr. Froth! if you are a man and a Christian, protect me from this boiling hot spirit of Irish whiskey!

Mul. I will, I will; never fear—I'll cork the bottle.—[*Locking the door, No.* 1.] You say right, sir; he is, indeed, a spirited fellow, and will suit the ladies to a T.

Cam. Let him—let him, so I am delivered from his power! My sister-in-law, who has a partiality for choice spirits, as she calls them, may here find a dose. But proceed; let out your next lion, Mr. Froth: I hope he is of a tamer nature.

Mul. Gentle as a lamb, soft as a summer-breeze, light as a cobweb, and harmonious as a rainbow. The former was a lady's man; here you have a lady's plaything.—[*Going to the door*, L. F., *No.* 5.] Enter, Signor Sordini, primo Maestro di Capello to the Pope, premier violon to the King of France, and first fiddle wherever he has the honour of appearing!

Re-enter SOCRATES, L. D., *No.* 5, *as Signor Sordini, with a fiddle.*

Soc. [*Capering forward*, R. C.] Viva la musica!

Cam. Your servant, sir. [*Apart to Multiplex.*] Another little one!

Mul. A great man in a little compass: he has astonished all Margate.

Cam. Bless me! how easily every body at Margate must be astonished! [*To Socrates.*] So, sir, you propose to instruct my son: what is your plan?

Soc. La musica!

Cam. Music!—That's very well; I love music myself: a country-dance tune, or one of Dibdin's songs, are very delightful things. But, pray, what languages do you understand?

Soc. La musica!

Cam. Music!—I never heard that pianofortes could talk, although I remember my cousin Tom used to make his old fiddle speak to some tune.

Mul. Ah, sir, music is the universal language.

Cam. The universal nonsense!—Don't tell me! [*To Socrates.*] Pray, what sciences are you master of?

Soc. La musica!

Cam. Music again!—Pray, what books do you read?

Soc. La musica!

Cam. Read music, too! [*Apart to Multiplex.*] I suppose he eats and drinks nothing else. [*To Socrates.*] And what do you live upon?

Soc. La musica!

Mul. And a very good living he makes of it. Johnny Bull is any day liberal enough to exchange his beef for bravuras, and his strong beer for a strain on Italian cat-guts.

Cam. Johnny Bull is a dupe and a fool for his pains. What do you think, Mr. Signor?—What do you think?

Soc. La musica!

Cam. He must be music mad,—bit by a tarantula spider: he does nothing, thinks of nothing, and says nothing, but music; he is all music. I should like to know what music has to do with the "March of Intellect?"

Mul. It is dull marching without it. I am sure you must own, that music deserves to stand at the head of every march, intellectual or otherwise. Listen—he begins! Ye nightingales, forget your songs! ye spheres, be mute!—Sordini tunes the string!

[*Socrates performs a solo on the violin.*

Cam. & Mul. [*Applauding him.*] Bravo! bravo!

Soc. Viva la musica! [*Exit*, L. D. *No.* 5.

Mul. Bravo! bravissimo!—Did not I tell you he was a wonder of the world? I knew you would be charmed.

Cam. To say the truth, the pigmy has merit; but what the plague has my boy Socky to do with all this crotcheting and quavering? People learn to draw the long bow easy enough, without sending to Italy for teachers; and then, as for your universal language—fiddlestick's end!

Mul. The poets say it, the critics admire it, and the world acknowledges it.

Cam. Monstrous!—If music is to be the universal language, philosophy will be all fiddle-de-dee! We shall have parsons preaching through the drone of a bagpipe; doctors prescribing for their patients on the bass viol; lawyers pleading for divorces with the French horn; young ladies will confess their loves through a brazen trumpet; and M.P.'s deliver their maiden speeches to the tune of "Hope told a flattering Tale!"

Socrates. [*Without, knocking at the door*, R. C., *No.* 2.] Hulloa! Mr. Froth, let me out of this corner cupboard, or I'll bring an old house about your ears!

Cam. Who have we now, Mr. Landlord? Let us get to the end of the chapter, for I am weary of it already.

Socrates. [*Without.*] Open the door, I say!

Mul. The gentleman is impatient.

Cam. And so am I, Mr. Landlord.

Mul. Have a care, sir, for this is one of the great guns of the age.

Cam. Let him in, then, or he may go off, and blow up the house.

Mul. You have seen talent and taste before, but here is true greatness. [*Opening the door, No.* 2.] Mr. Bluster Bubble, come forth! [*Exit*, R.

Re-enter SOCRATES, R. C. D. *No.* 2, *as Bluster Bubble, Esq.*

Soc. Mr. Z. Z., sir, I have the honour to be, with profound respect and regard, your very obedient and devoted servant, Bluster Bubble, Esq., A. B.—A. S.—L. L. D.—F. R. S.—M. R. I. A., &c. &c. &c.

Cam. Sir, I am proud to——

Soc. I know you are, sir, and you have need to be proud, sir; for, behold, you see before you, sir, a man of science—a man of capacity—a man intimately acquainted with all the branches of natural history, morality, and politics; a man conversant in heraldry, mythology, grammar, rhetoric, poetry, mechanics, optics, physic, and mathematics; cosmetics, geometry, and architecture; mensuration, astronomy, astrology, doxology, craniology, necrology, physiognomy, geography, cosmography, and biography.

Cam. [*Aside.*] The devil!—He'll break his own wind, and the drum of my ears!

Soc. You see before you, sir, united in this one small person, the inventor of steam-engines and patent snuffers; the projector of dandy horses and tunnels under the Thames; the improver of steam-boats, rail-roads, and balloons; the voyager to north-poles and south-poles; the disperser of heat by ventilation; the enlightener of darkness by gas; the exciter of genius by force-pump flagellation; the tout ensemble of talent; the multum in parvo of mind; the "March of Intellect" personified!

[*Crosses to* L.

Cam. [*Aside.*] Thank Heaven! his tongue is at length tired out!

Soc. What's that about tongues, Mr. Z. Z.? Pr'ythee, what tongue do you hold common parlance in?

Cam. What tongue!—Why, how many tongues do you think I have?

Soc. Fie! fie! your notion is barbarous. Know that I possess the tongue German, the tongue French, the tongue Latin, the tongue Russ, the tongue Greek, the tongue Hebrew, the tongue Italian, the tongue Arabic, the tongue Dutch, the——

Cam. Hold! hold! — You have already mentioned tongues enough to out-talk a college of old women.

Soc. I presume, then, you are like the cows and the donkies—you speak but one, and that is the common vulgar English tongue.

Cam. What should I speak but English, being, as you see, an Englishman every inch of me? Did you ever hear of a man's head being born in one country, and his tongue in another?

Soc. Then pass over to my left side. [*Camelion crosses to* L.] My right ear is dedicated to the audit of all tongues, foreign, scientific, and abstruse; my left ear humbly listens to the tongue vulgar and maternal. Item, my heart is the receptacle of all things tender and unsophisticated; such as your friendship, and the love of your feminine family; just as my pocket will be the harbinger of three hundred and fifty pounds per annum, which is to be my fee for preceptorship, together with board, lodging, washing, mending, and other perquisites.

Cam. As for mending, Mr. Thingumbob, I am afraid you are past it; and, if I have any voice in the matter, I had rather give seven hundred pounds to a charity, than have any thing to do with such a d—d impudent, chattering, hollow-headed——

Soc. Have a care, Mr. Paint-pot!—I know you of old in Tooley Street. Impudent, chattering, hollow-headed! Have a care! By my chemical discoveries, I have the power to decompose and petrify you into a living mummy, and, by my anatomical skill, I can dissect you before your eyes!

Cam. [*Terrified.*] Murder! murder! — A resurrection man! a monstrous body-snatcher!

Soc. Peace, old Putty! or I'll take your tongue off its hinges, in spite of your teeth!—I'll stew you by steam; bake you on a hot-air stove; roast you with my patent caloric; pulverize you with my pocket millstones; blow you up with percussion powder; and condense you into a soda-water pump, as a body of fixed air!

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Cam. Would that my body were a hundred miles off!

Soc. You shall go off with eclat: yes, I'll print you, publish you, lampoon you, caricature you, squib you, paragraph you, and post you, till you shall be as well known as Aldgate pump, and as common as Paul Pry!

Cam. [*Calling off*, R.] Why, landlord, I say!—I shall certainly be murdered in cold blood!

Re-enter MULTIPLEX, R.

Soc. And if all that don't bring you to your senses, I'll have you out and duellize you, [*Taking out pistols.*] on purpose to try the effect of this little pair of pocket nine-pounders. [*Multiplex gets between them.*] Stand out of my way, Mr. Froth! Here they are, patent barrels, patent locks, patent triggers, patent cocks, patent powder, patent shot, and, above all, patent surety of hitting the mark. Stand out of the way! I'll teach the colourman of Tooley Street to insult a man of genius and a philosopher! One, two, three, and away I go!

Cam. And away I go, too. [*Bawling.*] Murder! fire! thieves! [*Exit, hastily*, L.

Soc. [*Bursting into laughter.*] Oh! ha! ha! ha!

Mul. Bravo! bravo!—Was ever superannuated father so put out of countenance by filial impudence!

Soc. You talked of a great gun, but you see a little pistol may have a long shot.

Mul. [*Crossing and knocking at Penelope's door*, R.] How proceed your preparations, my dear? Are you nearly equipped for Gretna?

Pen. [*At the door.*] All goes on swimmingly: my aunt is engaged below with the real Simon Pure, while you are at the game here above. A few minutes more, and all will be ready, and then——

Soc. Hush! I hear papa returning; away with you!—I have dealt profitably in fire works; we'll now see what effect the water works may have. [*Exit*, R. C. D. *No.* 2.

Mul. Away with you! [*Exit Penelope.*] Poor Mr. Camelion!—This is pushing matters rather too far; but desperate cases require desperate remedies, and I know his generous disposition will forget and forgive when all is over. [*Calling off*, L.] Mr. Camelion!

Cam. [*Without.*] Are you sure all is clear?

Mul. The room is to yourself.

Re-enter CAMELION, L.

Cam. Are you quite sure, though?

Mul. I have locked him safely in No. 2 again; depend upon it, you have nothing to fear.

Cam. But are you certain he has not slipped under the table, or between the cushions of the chairs, or behind the fire-shovel, or into your snuff-box? Curse the atom! if he were half as nimble as his tongue, there would be no confining him anywhere. [*Searches about.*

Mul. Fear not; I have damped his courage with a quart of cold water.

Cam. I wish you had cooled it with a hogshead; the remedy would have been the completer;—nay, if you had emptied the ocean upon his head, the world would have been none the poorer.

Mul. Here is a gentleman who is doubtless of a different opinion, since the ocean is all the world to him. You have reasonably found fault with your other visitors, but here is what everybody allows to be a perfect character—a British sailor. [*Opening the door, No.* 4.] Jack Rattline, jump ashore!

Re-enter SOCRATES, L. C. D. *No.* 4, *as Jack Rattline.*

Soc. Bear a hand there, my hearties; crowd all sail; steady she goes before the breeze; now haul in your main-sheet, take a reef in the jib, put about the helm, tack to windward, drop anchor, and dowse your top-gallant sails to the admiral. [*Bows to Camelion.*

Cam. [*Aside.*] An honest fellow, by his face, and a thorough-bred seaman, if we may judge by the length of his pig-tail. [*To Socrates.*] There's my hand; though I don't see exactly how you are to support the character advertised for.

Soc. Why, look you, Master Admiral, you pops into the log-book, called a newspaper, that you are in want of an able-bodied master of arts and sciences. Now, you must know that I was sailing-master of the Terrific gun-brig during the whole of the last war; and, though the land-lubbers ar'n't up to these matters, I can assure you, that commission requires a vast deal of arts and sciences, and lots of grog into the bargain. Huzza! for his majesty's navy!

Cam. But, my good fellow, how can you aid the "March of Intellect?"—'Tis impossible.

Soc. Haul your wind there, my jolly boy; you are sailing on a wrong course. Only tell a British tar that there

is something to do, and, possible or unpossible, he was never known to knock under. Besides, if you'll lay to a bit, I'll set you to rights on the matter. You talk of marching all over Europe: it's a devil of a trip; it's morally unprobable that your intellects could ever get there, without a sea-voyage, you know.

Cam. [*Apart to Multiplex.*] There is reason in his argument.

Mul. A philosopher, on my credit as a vintner!

Cam. [*To Socrates.*] But, you see, my son is born to be a gentleman; and we are going to educate and make him a great man.

Soc. Shiver my timbers! but we'll do it for you. The navy is the cradle for great men all the world over. We'll teach him to fire great guns, and weather great storms; in peace, to be jolly—in action, to be brave. Clear away there; ram your guns home; look out a-head; the foe has cut and run!—Hoist every inch of canvass; all hands aloft, yoeho!—Point your chasers—bang! bang!—We'll bring her too in the twirl of a capstan! Ah! she veers! we beat her by notches!—Now to your guns; we are alongside—muzzle to muzzle, boys!—Silent and steady! hush!—Now three hurrahs for King William and Old England! A broadside—bang! another—crash! Her masts go by the board; her sides are staved; she totters; she strikes; she sinks!—Look out a-head, there; pipe all hands; lower the boats! We have beat them as foes—we will save them as men! There's edication for you! If that won't make a man of your boy, why, then, he deserves to rot in his dry-dock, or tumble into the bilboes at the end of his first voyage!

Cam. Very good—very good; but you know a gentleman of fortune wants accomplishments to make himself agreeable on shore, as well as useful at sea.

Soc. Sink me to Davy Jones! ar'n't I and all my messmates a set of the most accomplishest of men, as ever trod the maindeck of the world?—Don't we sing our songs, and crack our jokes, and get drunk, and do everything else as becomes your fashionable land-lubbers? Accomplishments, indeed! Don't we box the compass, and look at the stars?—And, then, for fiddling and dancing, I should like to know who comes the caper like us? I'll tip you a shuffle or two; and if you ar'n't then convinced and satisfied of our perfection, why, then, I say, you are a

lubber and a swab, and, split me! but you deserve to be keel-hauled through the fleet!

A HORNPIPE.

[*Exit*, L. C. D. *No.* 4.

Mul. Hurrah! hurrah!—There's as complete a fellow as ever handled a rope!

Cam. A jolly fellow, and a true heart. Egad! he has inspired me with nautical notions; I feel all over amphibious, and full of cannon smoke; and if I could but conquer my fears of the water, the danger of rocks and storms, and my dread of the enemy, I verily believe I should be tempted to become captain of a sailing-boat above bridge myself, and to hire honest Jack for sailing-master.

Mul. Oh! 'tis a noble profession—so generous, so free-hearted! What would become of us vintners, if it were not for the jolly dogs of the navy?

Cam. What would become of the tight little island itself, if it were not for her wooden walls?—So gallant, so courageous!

Mul. So generous, and careless of charges!

Cam. So proud of their country!

Mul. So prodigal of their grog!

Socrates. [*Without*, *No.* 4.] Avast heaving, there!—You preach like parsons, but never serve out the allowance. Bear a hand, old Froth; a bumper of grog for the honour of the British navy, or you may chance to get a salt eel for your supper!

Cam. Never fear, my lad: though I don't think my sister-in-law will give you the situation, egad! I'll float you in grog for a week to come, if it's only to provoke her with the wholesome smell of your pitchy fingers.—Away with you, Mr. Landlord!—A bowl of grog and pipes for two. Egad! I'll step into his birth yonder, and be jolly with the powder-monkey, for once in my life. Away with you!

Mul. Coming—coming, sir, directly! [*Calling off.*] Here, barmaid! a bowl of punch and pipes for two. But, before I go, let me have the honour of introducing one more.

Cam. No more—no more! I have had a surfeit of them,—a parcel of hectoring, little, half-starved, half-gotten bantams!

Mul. Pardon me, sir; this is no time for giants: little-

ness creeps about triumphantly over its more puny fellows; an age produces but one gigantic character, and, behold, this is he!

[*Opens the door*, C., *No.* 3, *and discovers* SOCRATES *as Napoleon Buonaparte.—Exit Multiplex*, L.

Cam. [*Starting.*] What do I see?—A man or a ghost? Is it really little Boney?

Soc. [*Entering.*] Greatness is in the soul, not in the body. Thus, while common-place men die every day, true greatness lives for ever. It is Napoleon stands before you;—Napoleon, that rose at Marengo, and fell at Waterloo;—Napoleon, that gave laws to the world, yet pined for liberty on a desolate rock, in the midst of the ocean;—Napoleon, that made kings, yet became a slave! Yes, Napoleon, who conquered all, except himself;—Napoleon the Great—Napoleon Buonaparte! the child of glory—the victim of ambition!

Cam. I am panic struck! Can this be true?

Soc. Fear not—doubt not: I am not what I was.—Schooled by adversity, I look upon the past as the sun-lit sea,—a dream of light, that must be one day dimmed with storms;—I gaze upon the future, as the reaper views the rising sun, whose beams shall ripen and repay his toil. Though I repent not, I am at length convinced;—though I have failed in principle, yet I will flourish by example. Let the "March of Intellect" proceed: I have followed it from Biscay to Alexandria—from Moscow to the heights of St. Helena. Let it pursue its steady course where'er the fresh wind blows, or Heaven has scattered her brightest, purest gems—the glorious human mind! Napoleon will look watchful o'er the route, pleased if it be prosperous, and content if his career may teach the aspiring souls of youth the folly of ambition! Allons! marchez! à la gloire! à la paix!—Vive Napoleon! vive l'esprit universel! [*Exit*, C. D. *No.* 3.

Cam. Am I awake?—Am I alive?—Is this real flesh and real breath? Hulloa, Mr. Boneypart! hulloa!—Come back, I say!—I'll have you for a tutor to my boy, in spite of all the sisters-in-law and intellectuals in the world! Hulloa! why, house! landlord! Miss Cerulia! daughter Penny!—Where the devil are ye all?—Come hither, I tell ye—come hither: here is a wonder come to pass. Sister Leggett! sister Leggett!

Enter MISS CERULIA LEGGETT, L.

Miss L. Mr. Camelion! Mr. Camelion! be decorous.

Cam. Be fiddlestick!—Waste not a moment, but follow in the glorious "March of Intellect!" Allons! marchez! He is here! he is here!—I've got him!

Miss L. I protest you will alarm my literary friends below, who are waiting for your decision in the choice of a tutor for your son.

Cam. I have chosen—I have got him here!

Miss L. Got whom?

Cam. The great little man; the emperor; the tyrant; the general; the philosopher; the little Napoleon; the great Buonäparte! [*Going to* C. D. *No.* 3.] Come forth, thou mighty one! and give my sister-in-law a lesson of repentance!

Socrates. [*Without, No.* 3.] Soldats! suivez votre général!

Re-enter SOCRATES, C. D. F. *No.* 3, *in his original dress.*

Cam. What, Socky, my boy!—Where is the emperor?

Miss L. Aye, where is the mighty fallen one?

Soc. [*Kneeling.*] Here at your feet, asking forgiveness for deceiving the best of fathers.

Cam. Eh! what, are you——Egad! you're a clever fellow, and I do pardon you for——

Miss L. For making a fool of you. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! [*Socrates exits, unperceived,* R. D. F. *No.* 1.

Cam. [*Crossing to* C.] None of your sneers, sister-in-law. I have plenty more here in ambush; and if you give us any more of your airs, I'll set the whole den upon you.

Miss L. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! I fear you not.

Cam. [*Going to* R. D. *No.* 1, *and calling.*] Hulloa! Mr. Terence! you are the boy for the ladies, you know; come forth.

Socrates. [*Appearing at the door, No.* 1, *as Terence O'Leary.*] Arrah! to be sure I will. Let me just finish the pot of fippenny in peace, and her ladyship shall find me and Lady Lump's ponies ready for marching orders, the soul! [*Retires.*

Miss L. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!—Why, one can see with half an eye the young rogue has deceived you again. [*Crosses to* L. D. *No.* 5.

Socrates. [*Appearing at the door, No.* 5, *as Signor Sordini, and bawling in her ear.*] Viva la musica!

[*He scrapes harshly on his fiddle, and retires.*

Miss L. Preposterous! the young rascal again! There's a hopeful prospect for you, Mr. Camelion! [*Going to* L. C. D. *No.* 4.] If you allow the young dog to go unpunished under false colours——

Socrates. [*Appearing at the door, No.* 4, *as Jack Rattline.*] Shiver my timbers! false colours!—If you were anything but woman, d——e! I'd haul you up to the yard-arm! [*Retires.*

Cam. What do you say to that, Mrs. Grumbler?

Miss L. Say! why, that he is a lump of hypocrisy and impudence; [*Going to the door, No.* 2.] and that if you will leave the boy to me, I'll——

Re-enter SOCRATES, R. C. D. *No.* 2, *as Bluster Bubble, Esq.—Miss Leggitt walks about indignantly.*

Soc. [*Following her, pompously.*] Boy, indeed!—Know that I am a man of learning—a man of probity—a man of science—a man of judgment—a man of sentiment—a man of taste—a master of arts—and your very humble servant and contrite nephew!

Miss L. What do you think now, Mr. Camelion?

Cam. Why, that if the boy can do all this, the "March of Intellect" may halt here. [*Embracing Socrates.*] But, you undutiful rascal! who put you up to this masquerading freak? Speak, you dear—confounded little pet!

Soc. I am not the only deceiver, I assure you: my aunt, here—my good-natured aunt, she is disguised by ill-humour; [*Looking off,* L.] and yonder comes another pair of masqueraders. Since we are all alike, pr'ythee pardon us altogether.

Re-enter MULTIPLEX, *still as the Landlord, and* PENELOPE, *disguised as an Old Woman,* L.

Mul. This way—this way, my lady!—For good rooms, good dinners, good wines, good beds, good company, good old port, and prime sherry, there is not such a hotel in all Margate; [*Crossing to* R., *and going.*] and I assure you——

Soc. [*Stopping them.*] You need not trouble yourself.

Mul. [*Apart to Socrates.*] Beseech you, let us go, or all is lost!

Soc. No, you don't stir an inch until all is found out.

Cam. Why, who the devil have we here?

Soc. A pair of marchers to Gretna Green: Miss Penelope, your dutiful daughter.

Pen. [*Falling on her knees.*] Oh! forgive me this time, and I'll never do so any more!

Soc. And Mr. Frederick Multiplex. Kneel down, you traitor! [*Multiplex kneels, and Socrates pulls off his wig.*] The gentleman whose tuition and advice have made me what I am.

Cam. Well, sister-in-law, what say you?—Shall we forget and forgive, and all jog home to our country-box at Bermondsey?—What say you?

Soc. What can she say?—Good nature is triumphant.

Miss L. So be it ever: the oblivion of forgiveness is the best cure for disappointment.

Soc. Then, huzza for Bermondsey and dulce domum!—Let others rove in search of perfection—be it our care to foster it at home; [*Advancing to the front.*] and if our family masquerading has not irrevocably displeased our best friends, I hope, with my aunt, papa, sister Pen, and our new-made relative here, to pursue the "March of Intellect" at some future opportunity.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

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